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THE BELLS OF CAPISTRANO

S·H·M·BYERS

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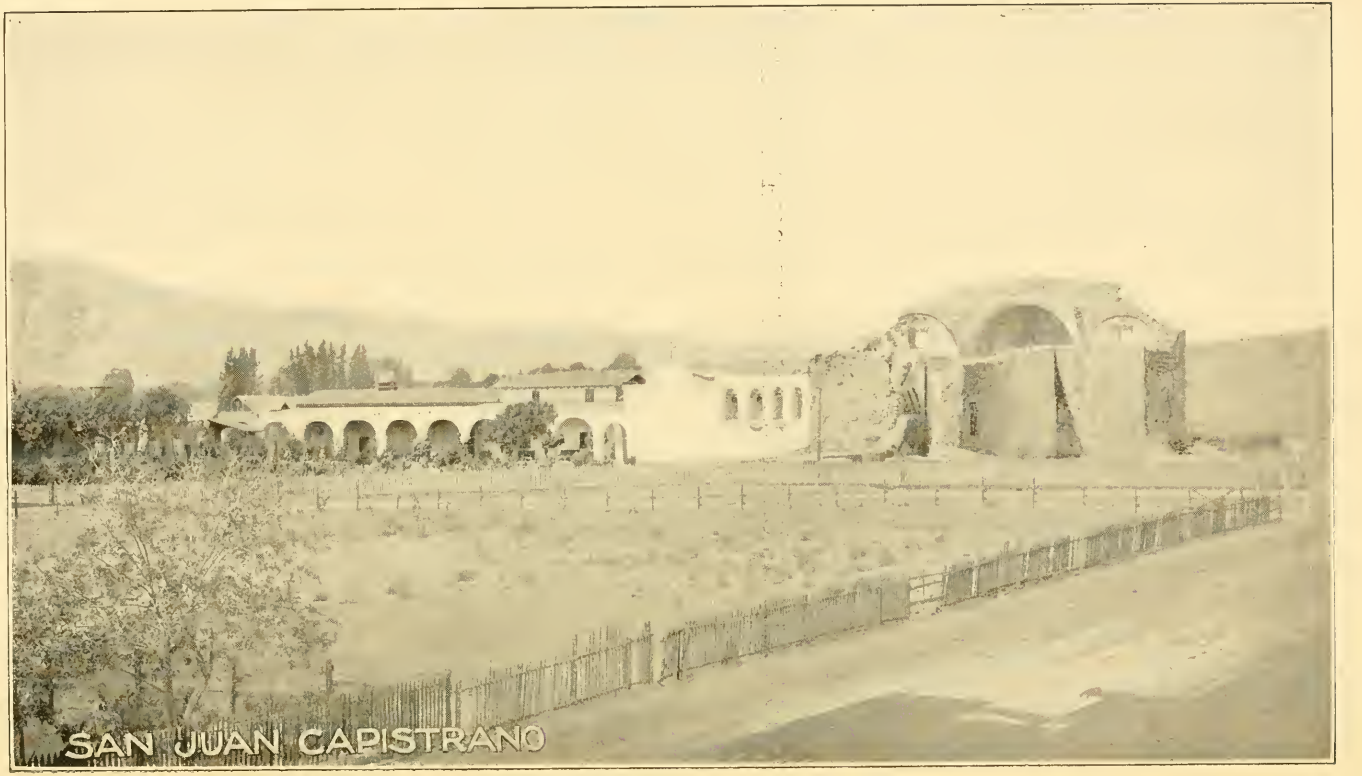
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

The Bells of Capistrano

and other Romances of the Spanish Days in California

By
S. H. M. Byers

THE GRAFTON PUBLISHING CORPORATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. MCMXVI

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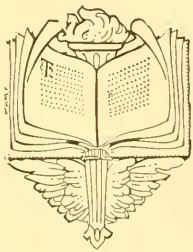

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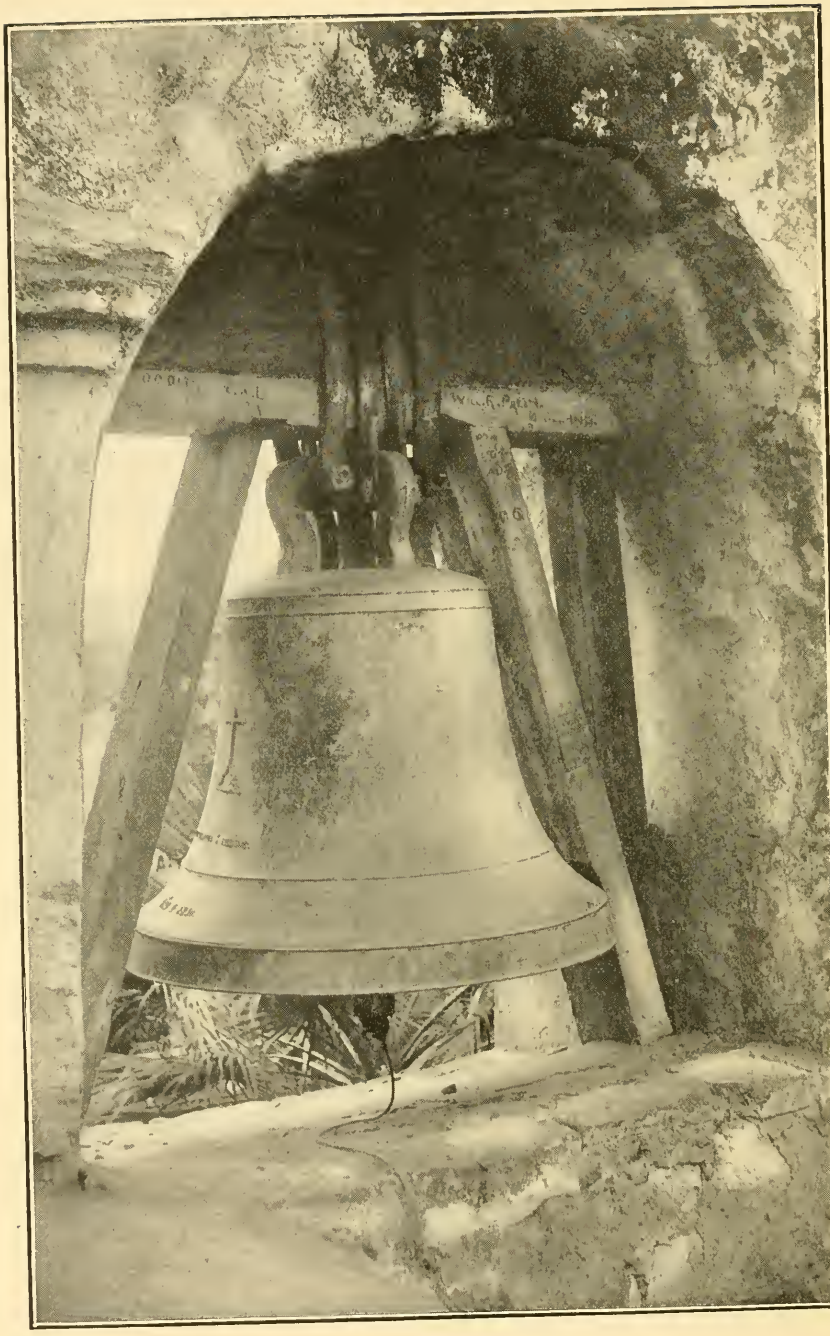
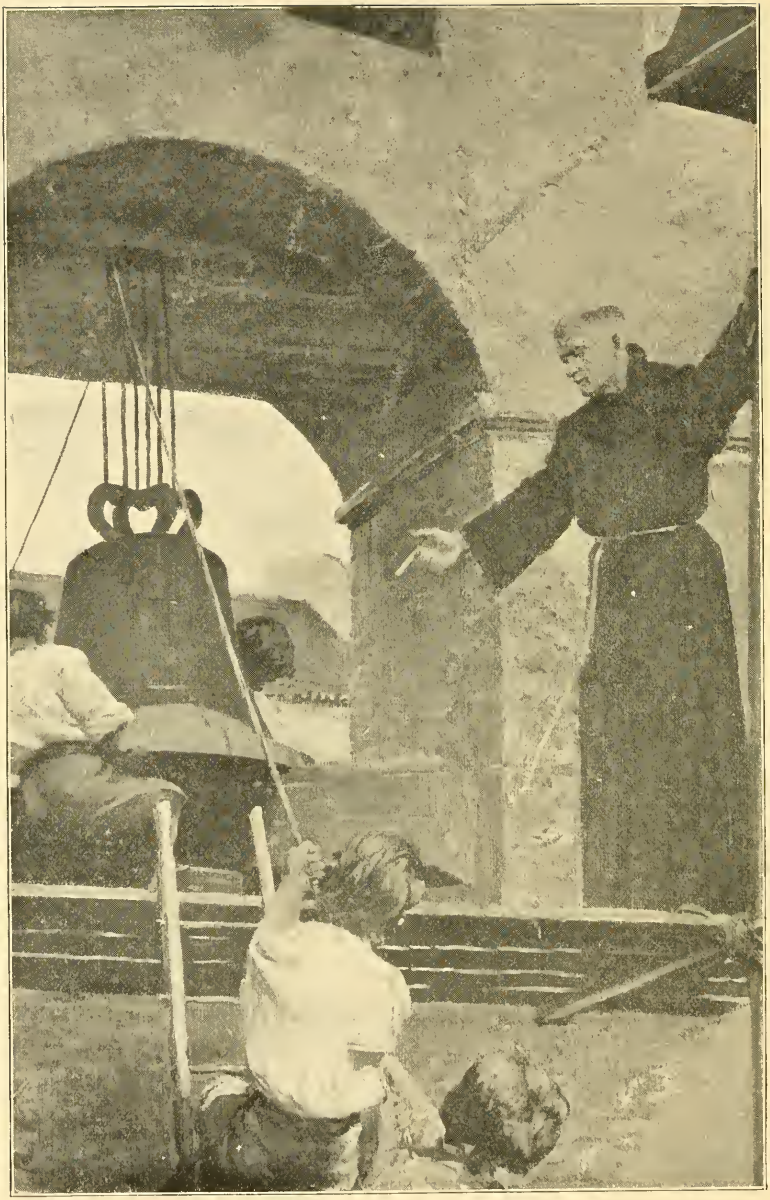


Foreword

The California missions were established by Spanish Friars in the middle and towards the end of the eighteenth century. Capistrano itself was dedicated November 1, 1776. It is near the sea, at the village of San Juan Capistrano, between Los Angeles and San Diego. There were twenty-one missions, all told, along the California coast. They were connected by a road called "El Camino Real," or The King's Highway. California then belonged to Spain. It was the most romantic period of its existence. Most of the missions are in ruins; but they are the most picturesque ruins on this continent.

Capistrano mission was destroyed by an earthquake December 8, 1812. Forty persons were killed.

The description of life at the missions, as told in the poem, are from authentic sources.



The Bells of Capistrano

Wouldst see a ruin of enchanting beauty,
And hear a story of its old-time splendor,
When all the land along the coast was Spanish,
Save the wild natives bivouacked in the forests?
Then turn thy steps to San Juan Capistrano,
Go there by moonlight, almost any season,
There is no winter in that golden climate,
Where blooms the rose in April or December.
There by the waters of the great Pacific,
Its back upon the mountain and the desert,
Stands the old ruin, silent in the moonlight.
Climb to some eminence and look about you,
Look when the moon is highest in the heavens,
And falls full on the mission's great quadrangle,
Illuminating all the dream-like, slender arches;
Each column lights, and all the corridors;
Or fills with glory yonder falling transept,
And thou wilt see a very lovely vision.
The nearby hills lie sleeping in the moonlight;
Below you is a fair and fertile valley,
All rich in lemon trees, and groves of walnut;
A little farther, the Pacific Ocean;
All waveless now, but glinting in the moonlight
As if a glory had been cast upon it.
No sound is heard except a gentle river—
Or else a mocking-bird there sweetly singing.

* * * * *

On such a night one summer evening, sitting
Beneath that pepper tree before the mission
I and the old Alcalde talked together.
There was a village wedding on that evening

Within the chapel of that broken ruin,
And when it all was done the bells were ringing;
Two merry boys down on the grass were pulling
The long bell ropes that reached up to the tower.
A pretty sight it was there in the moonlight
These barefoot boys who rang the wedding marches,
While hills and valleys echoed back the music.
The bride, a dark-eyed Spanish girl, and pretty,
Walked out on roses strewn by little maidens,
And as the bells died off far up the valley
Guitars were heard, and castanets, and viols
Down at the inn where they would dance till morning.

* * * * *

"It all reminds me," said the old Alcalde,
"Of that old tale I promised once to tell you.
That pretty bride you saw—that village maiden,
Could trace her line far back to greater people—
Such as Francisco, he the sweet musician,
And fair Dolores, loveliest of the valley,
When all the coast was famous for its beauties."

* * * * *

Well, here's the story told at Capistrano,
You must have read in parchments old and faded,
How on a time a Spanish ruler, hearing
Of this bright land by the Pacific Ocean,
Then all in heathendom, and half discovered,
Sent ships and priests to claim the blessed country.
Besides, they were to build great mission houses
Here by the mountains and along the ocean—
And when they could, convert the native heathen.
It was no race of wild and fierce born warriors
Lived in these mountains at the first beginning,
But simple people, weak, and little knowing.
Well, so they came, these pious priests and soldiers,
Built these great missions northward by the ocean;

And built a road, "The King's Highway" they called it,
Four hundred leagues, thus linking all together.
This was the seventh; and, you know the story—
How friars came, brought with them bells, and vestments—
As was their habit in the first beginning—
And started thus a mission in the desert.
First hung the bells on trees to call the heathen,
Then built rude huts of reeds and spreading bushes;
Had *started,* only, when a cry of danger
From other missions made them hurry to them.
Then leaving all, they went to San Diego.
The bells they left behind them in the forest,
Hid from the Indians and unholy people;
For they were sacred most as gifts from heaven—
Blessed by the Pope, and by the friars worshipped.
A great white cross they planted in the valley,
Then left the place their pious tears had watered.

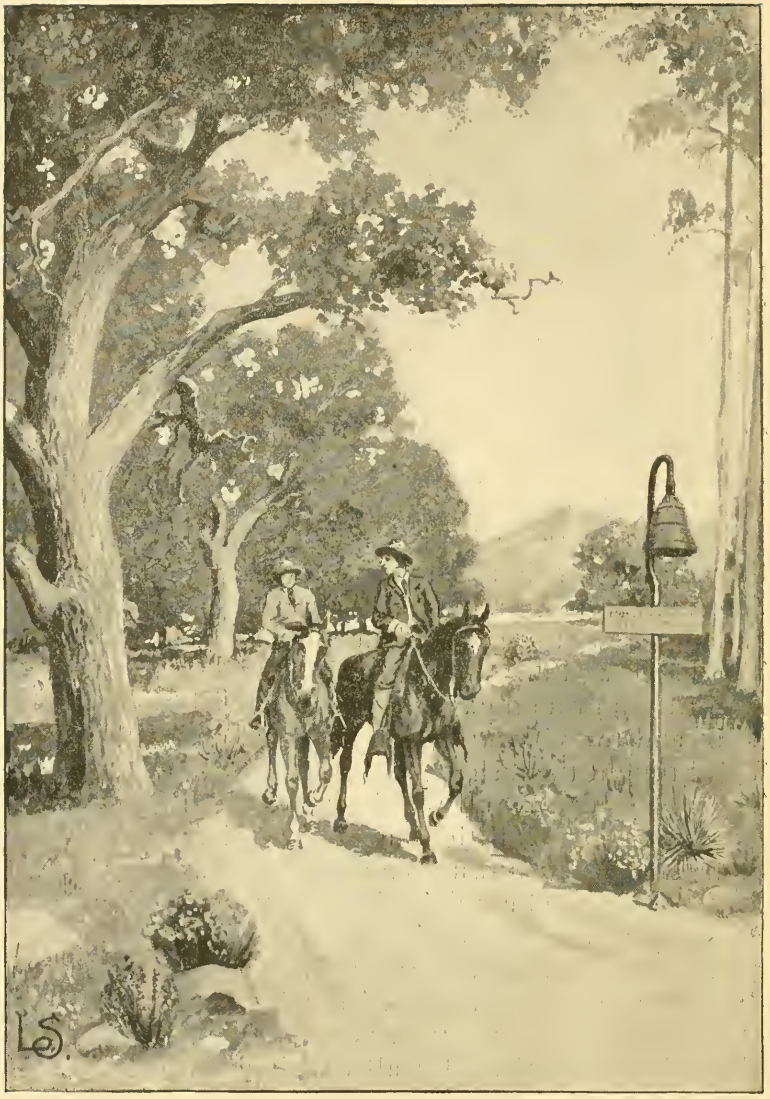
* * * * *

A year went by, and stranger friars followed.
The cross still stood there, beckoning to the heathen,
Its great white arms forever skyward stretching;
For very fear the red man left it standing—
Told awful tales of strange things happening near it,
Of groaning hills, and smoke up in the mountains,
And fires that blazed upon them at the midnight.

* * * * *

The bells were g*one,* and no soul answered whither;
If in the sand, or in some gloomy canyon.
Or if, perhaps, deep in the ocean's bosom,
For he was dead who only knew the secret.
So other bells were borrowed for the mission;
And once again the cry went to the heathen.
Who, seeing now the good life of the friars,
Themselves became a kinder race of people;

Came to the cross by thousands at the mission;
Joined in the friars' labor, and the building;
Learned many crafts, and helped in many places;
A simple folk, that did the friars' bidding.
Day in, day out, the people carried burdens;
With simple tools they worked, and delved, and quarried;
Made tiles of clay, and cut trees in the forest;
So, laboring on, the mission was completed.
Then other friars came and their assistants,
And teachers came, across the farthest ocean;
And every craft was taught to men and women;
The busy loom, and shuttle, sounded ever;
And schools began, and every craft and calling—
None dared be idle, neither man nor woman;
For next to serving God, was honest labor.
So taught the priests, and gave themselves example;
And next to these the art of being joyous;
Indoors, or out, the busy hands kept moving;
The loom, and spindles, occupied the women,
And tilling ground gave men their daily labor;
This, and the vineyards, and the herds of cattle;
Toil brought them sleep, and sleep new-born endeavor.
The rising sun saw all within the chapel;
An early mass—a little song, and music,
Some simple breakfast, made of beans, and barley,
And then the fields rejoiced to see them coming;
A noon-day rest, an evening rendered joyous
By song, and dance, and games for men and women.
Sometimes a flute was heard out in the garden;
It was Francisco—he, the sweet musician,
The mission chorister for all the singers.
Straight from Castile he came, his music with him.
One thought he had—some day to be a friar—
A priest, perhaps, who knows, perhaps a cardinal;
Such things had been—and might it not still happen?


LS.

That was his room, there by the right hand corner—
The second door beyond the mission portal.
It was inborn in him, I think, this music—
But much from nature, too, he must have captured;
Birds, and the waterfalls, and every gladness
To him had melodies of untold sweetness;
But most his flute afforded joyous rapture.
Dark-eyed, dark-haired, and very young, and Spanish,
And handsome, too, almost beyond expressing;
Fra Angelo a face like his had painted—
But, giving wings, had made an angel of him.
Music his joy, nor even love nor passion
Had touched his heart, or changed his true devotion.
Not love he knew, nor any of love's pleasures—
Not love he knew, nor any of love's sorrows.
There still was time. Who knows to read his future?
He loved his music, day and night and morning;
And so, at last, not one of all the missions
Could boast a choir like that of Capistrano.
Nor anywhere was the Te Deum chanted,
The high mass sung in such a glorious fashion,
As when Francisco and his choir of singers
Filled all the mission with enchanting music.
The very hills seemed listening and in gladness,
As if they heard the violins and viols,
The flutes and drums, the castanets and voices,
But most of all the voice of fair Dolores.
She, from far Carmelo, the blessed valley,
Had come to learn of him the sweet musician.
At far rancherias they knew her beauty,
At rich estates where lived the exiled Spanish;
For such there were on all the sea-line border.
So on a time came gay Antonio riding
His great white stallion to the mission service;
His silver spurs, and jeweled bridle shining,

His great sombrero, decked with gold and ribbon,
His silken vest, and trousers made of velvet;
Down low he bowed, and crossed himself, and entered.
Dolores saw him, thought him very splendid—
But turned a little seeing he was looking
Straight at her face, where she was standing singing,
Ashamed to be so gazed at there in public,
Yet in her heart a little proud at knowing
It was her beauty kept him looking at her.
For where was woman yet that needed telling
If anyone were looking at her beauty?
And she was beautiful, and good as beautiful,
For goodness, too, is but a kind of beauty;
Without it beauty is not even beautiful.
Fair face she had, and hair all richly golden,
And eyes like violets in the early May time.

* * * * *

And this was he, Antonio, the handsome,
With raven hair, and eyes black as the midnight.
A hundred times had she not heard his praises!
The finest rider, too, in all the valley;
Possessed of lands that reached clear to the ocean;
Exiled from Spain when Bonaparte was ruler,
When despots' heels were on his country's border.
Once on a time, in some great broil or other,
He took a fort, and won the young king's favor.
Great grants received, of lands in California.
Then came the French, and drove the king to exile;
Antonio, too, was chased across the ocean—
Where now he lived among his mountain acres,
Lord of great fields beyond all computation,
Square miles of valley, reaching north and southward,
Square miles of mesa, chaparral and mountain,
Where roamed his droves of horses and of cattle.
Dolores saw him when he was not looking,

LANGDON SMITH

Saw all the richness of his velvet costume,
The gold and silver of his spurs and bridle,
Saw the white stallion prancing there and pawing,
Best blood of Monterey's world-famous horses;
Saw him, Antonio, the handsome rider—
The princely bow he made in passing by her;
Saw all and wondered what fair maid would win him;
And as he rode far off, and up the valley,
Still, longing, looked, and wondered who would win
him.
Now he rode off and onward in the valley,
Forever thinking of the mission music,
And why it was his soul was so estatic?
Or why the world seemed better now and brighter?
Men had been smitten in a single moment,
Such sudden ways love often has of doing;
And so Antonio, though he did not know it,
Had got a wound almost beyond explaining.
A change there was, but words cannot express it,
Some subtle thing awakened other feelings;
The wild rose, somehow, had another meaning,
And if a bird sang from some bush or olive,
His mind went back to yonder chapel's music.
Alone he was, yet one sweet face was with him,
As 't were a spirit in the air beside him;
So he went on, and upward in the valley;
Went to his home and waited, all impatient,
A certain festival down at the mission,
When all the people came to games and races;
Came from the mission down at San Diego,
From San Obispo, and a dozen others;
She, too, would come, somehow he knew and waited.

* * * * *

The spring had come with all its birds and flowers,
Such spring as comes to that fair climate only,

With almond blooms and gold acacia blossoms,
Bright orange groves, and walnut trees and lemon,
And ocean breezes sweeping up the valley,
And sunshine lying on the hills forever,
And misty mountains leaning up to heaven—
Such was the scene that made life there delicious.
Still at the mission, like a beehive's humming,
Each soul was busy with its love and labor;
Some in the shops a hundred things were doing—
Some saying prayers, and some reciting lessons,
For every neophyte must work or study,
Converted souls must know that labor's holy.
The idle Indian soon became a helper—
Learned trades, and crafts, as well as prayers and masses,
Still watched the herds upon a hundred hillsides.

* * * * *

In an enclosure, like an eastern harem,
Or old-time nunnery, well-kept and guarded,
The women toiled at many a lighter calling—
With busy shuttle and the needle going,
Clothed all the people living at the mission—
Made stuffs to sell, bright Indian robes, and blankets,
Strange baskets wove, of bulrush and wild grasses.

* * * * *

The girls their music had, as well as labor,
For pleasure there was hand-maid still of toiling,
And all knew music, flute, or voice, or viol,
The sweet guitar at every night was thrumming;
And often times Dolores taught them Spanish,
Or thought out plans for this thing, or for that thing,
Helped find new shapes for baskets and for blankets,
New bead work taught them for their belts and sandals,
And pretty ways for them the Indian maidens;
Or stories told them of the old-time Spanish,
And other tales of that famed city northwards,

LANGDON SMITH

Of Monterey—and how the people lived there—
Soft luxury-loving, as the lotus eaters;
How pearls were found there in its glorious waters,
Enriching thousands living but for pleasure;
Of haciendas, in the hills, and valleys,
And richer lords than any Spanish nobles,
Dressed all in velvet, and with rich sombreros—
And one she thought of, while she yet was speaking.
Told of the jewels worn by dark-eyed women,
Great strings of pearls, each worth a prince's ransom;
Of sudden fortunes made in mines forgotten,
Or by vast herds of horses and of cattle.
How some from Spain had brought their fortunes with them,
Brought, too, their manners, and their Spanish customs,
Till all the coast was but a Spanish province.
Then tales she told of Carmelo the holy,
Her own fair home there in the blessed valley.
Told of Junipero the Christian leader,
Who built the missions for the heathen people;
And thus she won the hearts of all the maidens.

* * * * *

Francisco now was busier than ever,
Preparing all things for the great fiesta;
A hundred neophytes in chorus training,
Young clever souls with castanets and viols.
And dancing, too, that was almost religion;
Were they not Spanish, they, and all the people,
Save yonder natives on the hills and desert,
Was this not Spain, and all its customs Spanish?
Would they not come, the dark-eyed Spanish ladies,
From haciendas by the sea or mountains,
From Monterey, too, and the farther border!
So day by day went on the getting ready.
Dolores helped in all the gladsome labor,

A favored one, as niece of him the Padre,
Child of his brother in Carmelo valley.
Her duty was, beside her music lessons,
To be the guardian of the churches' treasures—
The silken stoles, the chasubles all golden,
The altar cloths, with silver all embroidered,
The silver candlesticks from Spain brought over;
To gather roses for the mission altar—
"The lady sacristan," the friars called her.
A pleasant labor, too, was now Francisco's,
With fair Dolores in the work assisting.
Quick thought was hers, so many things devising,
Flags and festoons from arch and column swinging,
And yellow poppies banked on cooling waters.
Strange feelings now Francisco's soul were moving,
Strange but delightful, and beyond expressing.
No thoughts had he of love for any woman,
For he was pledged, some happy day or other,
To be a priest with no thought but of serving.
Yet somehow still grew pleasanter the labor,
Somehow he lingered in Dolores' presence,
Not knowing why, save that it was so pleasant,
Did things twice over that he might be near her,
Still stayed and stayed, nor knew why he was staying.
Perhaps Dolores could herself have guessed it,
Girls are so quick at knowing things so subtle;
Besides, she, too, had feelings, more than tender,
Although Francisco never once had seen it,
So hid were they in other thoughts and fancies—
Of one she saw, his great sombrero waving,
And wondered who if any one would win him,
Not knowing then that she herself had won him.

* * * * *

The day was done, the Angelus was ringing,
Francisco heard, and led the chapel music,

Then all the night lay thinking of Dolores.
And when the dawn another day was bringing
Across the hills, and downward to the valley,
Lighting anew the olive groves, and orchards,
And casting gold upon the waking ocean,
He wandered fieldwards past the Indians' cabins—
Adobe huts with roofs of reeds and grasses,
Looked at the river from the canyons leaping;
Still went and wandered by the cliffs of ocean;
Looked at the ships with mission-cargoes loading,
Saw pelts of oxen by the thousand loaded,
Thrown from the cliffs down to the waiting sailors,
Great tons of wheat and barley brought for shipment,
And casks of oil, and wine, from their own vineyards;
Then turned his steps and went a little hillwards—
Each moment thinking of the fair Dolores,
Of things three days now burning in his bosom—
Of that old hope some day to be a friar;
How now the vow was somehow slipping from him,
As slip the dews in sunshine from the grasses;
And in its place a beauteous face, and figure,
Yet never knew that it was love possessed him.
Still roamed in happiness across the meadows—
Saw nothing fair that did not mind him of her,
Thought out sweet names by which sometimes to call
her,
"The poppy girl," or "Golden-haired Dolores."
Wild roses grew beside him on the heather—
They were so fair, he wondered would they please her?
Then plucking many, "this will deck her bosom,
This double one will suit her hair so golden,"
Then poppies plucked, the great wild yellow poppies,
And peach tree blossoms clustered with the others,
And many more, not knowing why he did it.
All these he took and found the sweet Dolores,

And almost bashful gave to her the poppies,
The roses, too; she took them, smiling sweetly.
"You knew my fancy for the yellow poppies?"
Demurely said she, glancing softly at him.
"But this one's yours, Francisco—let me fix it,"
And reaching towards him with the pretty blossom,
Her eyes now shining, looking clearly at him,
Her lily hand just touched his cheek a moment;
A sudden thrill went through Francisco's being—
And in that thrill love had its way, as ever;
There was no need of any further telling.

* * * * *

That day the festival had its beginning,
And, when Dolores in the choir was singing,
The golden poppies lay upon her bosom.
The mass once sung, the happy people gathered
Around the mission for the games, and dances.
From every valley and the far rancherias
They came by hundreds bringing gifts, and prizes,
So, too, the Indians from the inland country,
And scattering seed, the sign-word of their friendship.

* * * * *

Now rang the bells, the signal all was ready.
First came the races of the Indian maidens,
Half-naked women, from the neighboring desert,
Against the girls now at the mission living.
Then games of ball the desert girls excelling
By very strength, a hundred plaudits winning.

* * * * *

A little pause, the great event was coming—
Out on the plaza, seawards from the mission,
The bear and bull fight was about commencing.
Gifts had been offered by the mission friars
For some wild beast, the fiercer one, the better.

And many days the mission youths had hunted
In wood and canyon till at last they found him,
A wild grey monster, savage and ferocious.
All unawares they sprang on him with lassoes,
And brought him growling to the safe enclosure.
Around the square the excited people waited,
Priests in their robes, and dark-eyed Spanish women
From far pueblos and old Spanish ranchos.
A hundred youths in festal day apparel,
With jingling spurs, and jewel-mounted saddles
Sat on their steeds, encircling all the plaza,
Receiving smiles and their own smiles returning.
There, too, Antonio most of all was noticed,
On his white stallion, gold and lace apparelled,
His broad sombrero with its jeweled ribbon,
His dark eyes glancing when he saw Dolores
There on a bench, Francisco sitting near her,
And golden poppies fastened on her bosom,
Ten times as handsome as she ever had been.
He spurred his stallion, galloped nearer to her,
Waved his sombrero, as he once had waved it
That other morning when she saw him passing,
And wondering thought who is the maid to win him—
Not knowing still, that she herself would win him.
A moment more the signal bells were ringing;
The mission portals to the plaza opened,
There was a cheer, and waving fans and banners;
The great black bull was slowly coming forward—
Back in the patio, decked in flowers and ribbons,
He had been waiting for the sign of battle.
Amazed he looked a moment at the people,
Then sudden saw the monster thing before him,
A grizzly pile of hair, and claws, and clutches.
The bear arose and on his hind feet standing,
Reached out his arms as if to do him honor,

Blinked his small eyes, and calmly stood and waited.
His very calmness scared the bull a moment,
Not knowing quite if he should run or battle;
Then shut his eyes, and bent his great neck downward,
And with his horns lunged at the thing before him—
A little missed—the bear was quickly on him,
His mighty arms around his neck were pressing,
His awful teeth deep in his throat imbedded—
With roar of pain around the ring he started,
Grim as grim death, the bear held on the harder,
Till, by sheer dragging once his hold was broken,
And bruin rolled a little distance from him.
Again the bull with a terrific bellow
Plunged at the beast with his red eyes distended;
Again the bear as in a vise has caught him,
And bear and bull roll in the dust together.
It was not long, for bruin all exhausted,
By loss of blood lay still a little moment,
When, with a roar the bull in pain and maddened,
Rushed on his prey, and goring, left him dying.
There was a cheer, a thousand people rising,
And cheers once more, and all the bells were ringing.

* * * * *

Now changed the scene, the horse-race is beginning,
A league of road straight northward from the mission—
There all the crowds again are come together.
One thought alone moves every man or woman,
One idol only worshipped in the province;
Next to religion, were the people's horses.
"Who loves his horse alone can love a woman—"
It was a saying in the Spanish province.
No Arab flying on the wasted desert
Had better steeds, or better knew to ride them—
Men's lives were spent so wholly in the saddle;
Their greatest treasure often was expended

LANGDON SMITH

On jewelled trappings for the horse and rider;
And he was rich who rode his jeweled saddle,
Though he were homeless else, and wholly friendless.
And fleet they were, these California horses,
Fleet as the wind on mountain or in desert;
And all one's riches oft were staked upon them.
And so today, one saw great bags of silver
On carts piled up, and at the roadside waiting,
There to be gambled on a favorite racer.
An hour or so, and fortunes most had vanished—
Lost on this horse, or that one, in the racing.
Then came the last the *piece de resistance*—
The horses running without any rider.
Ten splendid steeds stood stripped there for the starting,
White stallions, known as swiftest of the valley;
Antonio's horse was there among the many;
No bridles theirs, nor saddles, nor yet riders—
Just bells, and spurs, to madden them to running.

* * * * *

The signal fires, and wildly they are started,
Not knowing where, save that they must be flying;
Like a tornado they have passed the people,
Who hold their breath too moved for any cheering;
One league, two leagues—and faster fly the horses,
Great clouds of dust the races most obscuring—
One runner now is leading all the others—
Just by one neck, Antonio's horse is winning—
And with a bound the final goal he crosses.
A shot announces that the race is over;
A thousand throats the victor's horse are cheering,
And he is led among the crowds of people.
He walks on roses scattered now before him,
As comes a hero from the battle's thunder.
Dolores, too, has cast a flower before him;
Antonio sees it with a smile of gladness,

Picks up the rose, and kissing throws it to her,
Then leading now, the splendid steed before her,
With a great bow, and all so courteous looking,
Presents the stallion to the fair Dolores.
"Oh, signorita, look, your gladsome beauty
This day eclipses every beauty present,
The horse is yours. You know it is a custom
Who wins a race must make some gift or other
To her he deems most fair of any women.
Adieu! Adieu!" he waved his great sombrero,
And left Dolores standing there and blushing.
Still on her arm the silver bridle rested,
A little while she stroked the horse's shoulder,
Then saw Antonio passing to the plaza—
And wondered still if any maid would win him.

* * * * *

The day is done, the Angelus is ringing,
An evening prayer, and then the feast and dances.
Francisco's choir, with castanets and viols,
His many singers have already gathered
Where hang the lanterns from the palms and peppers.
The wilder Indians, from the hills and canyons,
Have started homeward, going up the valley,
Save two or three now hiding in the bushes.
Bright is the scene and brighter yet the dances;
Gay cavaliers, and wondrous dark-eyed women,
And brown-robed priests, and olive-colored maidens,
Young neophytes, the children of the mission,
And soldiers, guardsmen of the mission people,
And sailors coming from the ships at anchor.
Some danced the waltz, and some the gay bolero,
Still others in the wild fandango reveled.
And there were smiles and pressing hands and whispers,
And praise of eyes that shone in soft replying.
Dolores, radiant as the scene before her,

Danced till the midnight with her two adorers,
And on her breast the golden poppies carried—
Yet, in her mind, she saw a gay sombrero,
And heard the words "most beauteous of women."
Francisco, often as his music let him—
Beheld her, fairest there of all the dancers;
Beheld the poppies, too, and rested happy.
But 'twas Antonio who danced so often.
And kissed her hand as every dance was finished,
Looked at the poppies resting on her bosom,
Nor guessed, one moment, what could be their meaning.

* * * * *

Once, when the music ceased a little moment,
Dolores went out in the moonlight walking,
A little neophyte her sole companion.
Scarce fifty paces from the dancers going,
They heard low talking, then a footstep nearing—
Three painted Indians from the roses springing,
Quick as an eagle unexpected pounces
Upon his prey, so pounced they on Dolores.
There was a cry, the neophyte came screaming—
"Dolores killed, the Indians have got her."
Loud rang the bells, "The Indians were uprising"
So went the cry alarming all the valley.
A little while the child, her senses gaining,
Told how she knew the faces of the villains.
Of her own tribe they were, up in the mountains,
There were but three, and lived alone by plunder.
Before the dawn, a hundred were pursuing,
On foot, on horseback, priests and friends and soldiers.
All day they hunted in the woods and canyon,
And not a trace of either man or woman
With hope most gone the people half distracted
Gave up the hunt, "Dolores has been murdered."
Francisco only kept up hope and sought her.

Footsore and weary through the forest went he,
By paths scarce known to any but the Indians,
Nor found a sign of where she might be hidden.
Antonio, too, on his white stallion sought her,
Dashed to the canyon with its dark recesses,
Flew to the edges of the far-off desert.
Once saw some trace of bandits in the mountains,
Rode faster yet, determined to o'ertake them,
And kill them ere they reached their secret cavern.
It was a plan if anyone should find her,
Dead or alive, the mission bells should tell it.
With heavy heart Francisco still was searching,
Sad and alone deep in the hills and forest,
When all at once the bells rang in the valley.
"Found! Found!" he cried, and hastened toward the mission.
An Indian boy had signaled from the canyon,
That she was found and all went out to meet her.
Francisco, too, and saw Antonio coming
On his white horse, Dolores on before him.
A mad'ning thought a moment overwhelmed him,
Yet thanked he God to know she had been rescued.

* * * * *

Two days, and then the festival renewing,
All sang and danced in fair Dolores' honor;
A little pale she was, yet fairer most than ever.
Antonio told them how he saved Dolores—
With that swift horse, he caught the bandits flying,
And fighting slew them there within the canyon,
Just as they reached their far and secret cavern.
It was most morning now, and yet they reveled,
Or wandered singing down beside the river.
There by its bank Antonio and Dolores
Sat down and talked of this her great adventure.
With thankful gratitude, beyond expressing,

Dolores prayed all blessings should come to him.
Antonio heard and took her hand and kissed it,
Told of his love, born that first day he saw her.
Would she be his, heaven's blessings would be on him.
"You have been kind," was all Dolores answered,
"While life shall last this day will be remembered."
Then there was silence, and a quick heart-beating—
A burning struggle in Dolores' bosom,
She dared not speak the thing she should have spoken;
And when again, with burning words he urged her,
"Pray, wait a little," was her only answer—
"I will go home to Carmelo tomorrow."
There I will weight it all, so thought she silent,
And farther gave not any word of answer,
But slowly walked with him back toward the plaza.
The stars were down, the dawn was almost breaking;
The music ceased, and yet Antonio pressed her,
Told of the dangers he had passed to save her;
Told how the king would some day yet restore him
His Spanish rights, his titles and his castle;
Told how some day they two would walk together
Beside a lake within his Spanish garden.
Dolores heard, but gave no certain answer,
Her thoughts confused with all the past day's doings.
Her thoughts of that bright day when first she saw him.
How she had wondered who would some time win him,
Then suddenly, as seeking some delaying—
"Wait just a little," smiling, when she said it,
"Once on a time, beside this very river,
A little party of us young folks gathered,
And I had suitors pressing for an answer.
And I held daisies, counting them all over,
Each petal gave some pretty little answer,
Yet leaving doubt if either of them loved me.
'He loves me, loves me not,' you've seen them do it.
Well, that was when the fine new church was founded,

The dear old bells, long lost, were now so wanted,
The Padre said no other bells would answer,
These ones were sacred, for the Pope had blessed them.
So all the valley here was put at searching,
For many days, and no soul ever found them,
And there was sorrow here in all the valley.
Then, lovers pressing me, I made a promise;
The daisies first I threw into the river,
Their little play had settled nothing for me.
'Whoever finds the missing bells, and brings them
To yonder tower the day that it is finished,'
I said it laughingly, 'him, I will marry.'
And so you see that I have made a promise;
I am fast bounden till the church is finished,
But if the bells are not then there and ringing,
I am released, and am no longer bounden.
Wait but till then, and you shall have an answer."
Antonio laughed, "If that be all, Dolores,
Then never day will come that you are married.
The bells, men say, were cast into the ocean.
But, true, or no, let us a compact enter;
Give me one word, and, if, by chance, tomorrow,
Or any time before the church is finished,
Some happy soul should find the missing treasure,
That moment I release you from the promise."
So they walked on, still talking, toward the mission.
"Good night," Dolores said, "or rather morning,"
And did not know, or scarcely, she had promised.

* * * * *

They stayed good friends, Francisco and Dolores.
"Fate was unfriendly to me then as ever,"
So said he wandering on the flowering meadows.
"I should have known how far she was above me,
I, a musician only, he, a lordly noble.
I should have kept the vow to some day enter
The holy service of the Lord and Master.

But, somehow, love all resolution conquers.
I was but human—loved her without knowing—
And I am glad I never told her of it.
She never knew for certain that I loved her;
Nor had I any right to think of loving;
Save one dear glance she gave me on that morning
She placed the yellow poppies on my shoulder,
What right had I to think she ever loved me?"
So, many days, Francisco tried to think it—
He "had no right," and so would overcome it—
Yet went on loving spite of pain and promise.
That very day Dolores had departed.
By chance, a ship bound northward, stopped a little;
To Monterey 'twas bound; Carmelo near it,
And so she went scarce knowing she was promised.

* * * * *

Antonio now came to the mission often,
Perhaps the memory of that morning drew him,
When first he saw Dolores in the chapel!
Its patron now, and many gifts he brought it,
And often helping, showed the mission Indians
New ways of doing, sent skilled people to them.
So hurried, too, the great church they were building.
It had been years, so slow the work proceeded—
The only church of stone in all the province;
And stone by stone the whole was slowly carried
From yonder canyon by the men and women.
A little while the temple would be finished,
A house of God there standing by the mountains,
A house of God that looked forever seawards,
The bells alone they were not yet discovered.
Once more they hunted for them northward, southward,
So zealous all, Antonio most was fearing
They might yet find them, somewhere, always thinking
Of that strange promise made by fair Dolores;

LANGDON SMITH

And also thinking what himself had promised,
And so he hurried every day the building.
They were good friends, Antonio and Francisco,
And oftentimes Francisco heard him praising
Dolores' beauty, and her thousand virtues,
Nor let him know how his own heart was beating;
Nor guessed Antonio once a thought of danger.
The time was near, the church was most completed;
Antonio's perfect rapture was approaching.
She would be there—be at the dedication,
Her voice would add to all the festive pleasure;
And then the day, the one day of all others,
Was it not coming with delight and music!
Then came the word no ship would soon be sailing
From Monterey toward Capistrano mission,
Not for a month would any ship sail southwards.
Dismayed, the friars talked with one another,
She must be here, our fairest, greatest singer,
The Padre, too, the head priest of the mission,
Would see his niece at this the great occasion,
And said, "Francisco, you I trust to bring her,
And some companion she may choose beside her."
Then came Antonio, too, and urged Francisco,
"Are we not friends—go you and bring Dolores."
But did not dream they ever had been lovers.
"Ride to Carmelo, on the king's great highway,
Tomorrow take the fleetest of my horses."

* * * * *

Astounded was he, yet he could not show it—
A thousand thoughts went through Francisco's bosom—
He made excuse—"he was at home much needed;
There were rehearsals of the music waiting."
Said this, said that, Antonio but insisted.
And so he went along the king's great highway,
Along the seaside and beside the mountains,
The sea no more perturbed than were his feelings.

One afternoon, among the roses walking,
Up at Carmelo, where the sea was shining,
Dolores saw him coming in the garden;
And, so surprised, she wondered at his coming,
A little while they wandered through the garden,
Glad of this chance to look upon each other,
Yet neither speaking of the thing the nearest.
For both were bounden, she who'd made her promise—
And he whom trust had sent upon this errand.
Once they climbed up a hillside from the valley,
There saw the ocean glistening bright before them.
Saw aisles of pine and heard their low-toned music,
Saw gentle hills with every blossom glowing,
A babbling river dancing to the ocean.
There lay Carmelo, heaven's own hand had touched it,
And made it beautiful above all others.
Its sun-kissed gardens and its snow-white lilies,
Its clustering roses and its field of poppies,
Made all the air a something so delicious
That every lover loved Carmelo valley.
Great memories, too, around the place were clinging,
There Junipero lived—the good, the holy—
The master hand, the soul of all the missions,
He who had brought salvation to the heathen.
Beneath a slab there in San Carlos mission,
Hid all in roses, he is softly sleeping,
Whose name in tender hearts will burn forever.
Three days in joy the happy lovers lingered,
For they were lovers, spite of bounden duty.
Each loved in silence though he dare not tell it,
Nor break a vow, for both of them were bounden.

* * * * *

"Tomorrow we shall ride," Francisco said it—
"Down El Camino, there the beauteous highway.
Down the long way past sea and hill and mission,

LANGDON SMITH

To Capistrano. He will there be waiting."
Dolores smiled a little—then a shadow
Fell on her face and hid what she was feeling.
And so they rode onwards on the highway,
Along the seashore, listening to its music,
She on the great white horse Antonio gave her,
Francisco riding on a coal black stallion,
With gorgeous saddles both, and jeweled bridles;
Had she been queen she had not then been greater.
Antonio's name was known at every mission.
Dolores, too, fair golden-haired Dolores;
Not less Francisco, he the famed musician.
Two hundred leagues, not less, the happy journey.
So they rode on, at every mission waiting,
(For all men knew Antonio's bride was coming),
A troop of girls, young neophytes, would meet them,
Pelt them with roses, scatter palms before them,
Sing joyous songs and lead them to the mission;
There feast and toast and castanet and viol,
Brought to a close each day of sweetest travel.
Sometimes they met a barefoot pilgrim friar
Making his way to Carmelo, or farther,
Who made the cross, and blessed them, ever saying,
"May God be with you as you fare together."
Four happy days like bees on roses sipping,
The lovers traveled by the sweet sea's border,
Yet not of love had either one yet spoken,
For each one knew he to a vow was bounden.
But once at noon they passed a field of poppies
All golden glinting, by the seaside growing;
Francisco saw them, leaped from off his stallion
And brought a nosegay to the happy maiden.
"My fancy yet, and you have not forgotten,"
She smiling said, and placed them on her bosom.
Yet was it true, a thought was ever with her
That heavier grew as now the journey ended;

Spite of the joy the golden days had brought her,
The very poppies made it all the harder;
And all the time there riding by Francisco,
She thought in silence of a half-made promise;
Thought of that night there by the little river,
Antonio's pleading—and her half-made promise;
How he had saved her from an unknown terror;
Then saw Francisco riding there beside her,
Felt something tearing every heartstring from her,
Love, and that promise, struggling with each other.
So they rode on—and still no word was spoken.

* * * * *

Francisco, too, now as the day was closing,
Felt as awakened from a pleasant vision—
A moment's joy, and then the dream departing
Left only shadow as the journey ended.
He had lacked courage; up there at Carmelo
He should have spoken—ventured all to have her;
The trust he held, was it not forced upon him?
It was too late; he saw, as in a vision,
A marriage feast, Antonio and Dolores
Walk down an aisle with orange blossoms fragrant.

* * * * *

So they rode on and yet no word was spoken.
A little while, and now the sun was setting,
Drowning itself in the Pacific Ocean,
With such a trail of glory left behind it
As only comes to sunsets in that region.

* * * * *

It was clear moonlight now at Capistrano
When these two lovers stopped before the mission.
Antonio welcomed them, he had been waiting,
And helped Dolores from her silken saddle,
And helping saw the golden yellow poppies.

Few words were said, Antonio, without telling,
Knew from that moment that he had a rival.
Francisco took the horses toward the river,
To give them water where the stream was clearest,
For now it was receded almost wholly
From a great drouth that fell upon the valley.
And while the horses stood there in the water,
Or in the sand where he himself was standing,
Their hoofs struck on some iron thing or other.
With both his hands Francisco delved a little
Down in the sand, when lo! there, deep imbedded,
He found the bells of Capistrano mission!
'Twas like a dream or some sweet thing from heaven.
A thousand joys, all in one joy together;
Now he could speak—was it not her own promise
Who found the bells—her hand should have forever?
And in her eyes had he not sometimes read it—
The hope that he might find the hidden treasure?
That she had loved and never dared to tell it?

* * * * *

Then in the moonlight friars came and labored
With all the mission glad almost to crying—
So thankful were they for the thing that happened.
That very night, through all the little valley,
The news was spread like prairie fires in autumn,
And eager hands in long procession forming,
Now bore the bells in gladness to the mission.
High mass was sung at daybreak of the morning,
"Regina Salve," 'twas Dolores singing.
Antonio heard her, as he did that morning
When first he saw her at the mission chapel—
The day he waved his great sombrero to her.
The service out, the two went to the river;
To that same spot where in the moonlight walking
She once had promised without scarcely knowing.

Antonio spoke, "Bright honor's left, Dolores,
Here is the spot, our trysting place last summer.
The promise, half enforced, you scarcely granted.
I saw tonight was thankfulness, not passion;
I was love-blind, too strong my great devotion.
We both have vowed, nor shall my vow be broken;
The bells are found, you are no longer bounden.
Take one you love, there, I release you wholly;
Nor you nor I are any longer bounden."
He strode his horse and rode far up the valley,
And no one knew Antonio's heart was broken.
Dolores lingered, saw him disappearing,
With moistened eyes turned slowly toward the mission.
And that great weight was slowly lifted from her.

* * * * *

That day, almost, Francisco and Dolores
Walked o'er the hills and pretty vales together.
Then said Francisco, "Long, so long, I've waited.
May I not speak now, that you are not bounden?
There at Carmelo once I almost ventured,
And then I thought, the trust I had was holy,
Antonio trusted me, I dared not say it;
And when I gave the poppies to you, also,
I was most minded then to tell you frankly.
Again I thought, some other one might love you,
Might find the bells, and you would keep your promise.
Now I speak out; I love you, dear Dolores.
The bells are here and I would hear them ringing
On that dear day when we two shall be wedded."

* * * * *

And so the bells were kept a little, silent;
Although the church was finished now, and waiting,
Till on a day these lovers twain were married.
Then all at once the bells rang out their music,
And all the valley joined in song and dancing.

Without a change weeks passed there at the mission,
The old routine of labor and religion;
Save that the mission now was growing richer;
Great herds of cattle grazed upon the mountains,
And flocks of sheep that never could be numbered,
And crowds of Indians came and were converted.

* * * * *

Then came that day that made this place a ruin—
When all the coast of the Pacific Ocean
For one short, awful moment, rocked and trembled,
And all the missions shook to their foundation.
But this one most, felt yonder earthquake's coming,
The twilight mass of a December morning
Was being sung there in the finished temple,
When all at once, the church dome reeled a little,
The roof spread open, showed the sky above it,
Then with a crash the whole fell down together.

* * * * *

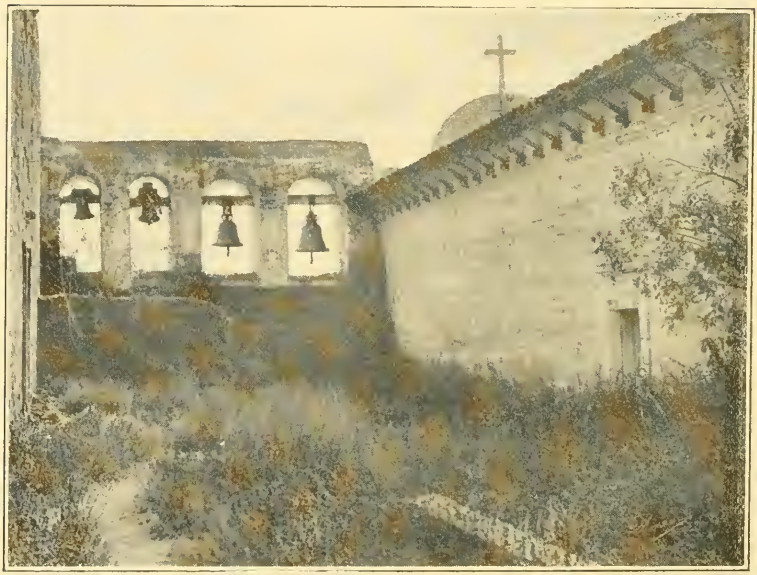
For many days the buried ones were sought for;
Some said, Antonio, too, was buried with them,
But none were certain, in the dread confusion.
The hunt for lost ones was at last abandoned;
The little graveyard there, behind the mission,
Already full; but on a day when the great mass was singing
For souls of all who had so sadly perished,
A ship came by, its captain had a letter—
Dolores' name was quickly seen upon it;
'Twas from Antonio written ere the earthquake
Had cast the mission in a sea of sorrow,
"Once sudden news," so ran it, took him northwards,
Nor gave him time for any farewell message.
And now he wrote to say he was not angry;
She had done well to marry where her heart was,

And now he *knew* 'twas gratiude, not passion
That made her promise to be bounden to him.
So went the letter, telling news from Spainwards,
He had been given back his castles, titles,
So had no use for lands so very distant;
His valley rancho, reaching west, and seaward,
She must accept it as her wedding present;
And so they would be friends forever after.

GLORIETTA

NOTE:

There was a time when beautiful Monterey by the Sea was the capital of California. The people there, as all along the Pacific Coast, were mostly Spanish—with Spanish customs, dress, and manners. The old Mission houses were still in their glory, and Monterey, then the gem of the Pacific, was a very gay and luxurious little capital. It was not surpassed for beauty anywhere on the Pacific.



ERRATA

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Substitute second line of Page 57 by second line of Page 55.

GLORIETTA

OR THE

CITY OF FAIR DREAMS

Oh, many, many years ago this tale
  Had drifted off from its beloved Spain,
So beautiful it seemed; the bending sail,
  And the blue sky, like that of Italy.
There grew the palm and there the lemon tree,
  And every flower that's beautiful to see.

Outside the bay the mighty ocean rolled
  In liquid mountains, or in glist'ning sea,
And moonlight nights some wondrous story told
  To listening forests and to meadowed lea;
And lovers, walking in the moonlight, heard
  Their sweethearts' voices when the sea was stirred.

Such was the scene, where the fair city stood,
  By poets called "The City of Fair Dreams,"
Between the forest and the shining flood;
  And even now, to strangers' eyes there seems
Some lingering glory of that happy day
  When all was merry in old Monterey.

'Twas at a time when Spanish friars bore
  For many years their long and kindly sway
In grand old Missions stretched along the shore
  From San Diego to Francisco Bay.
Then all was Spanish—manners, speech and dress—
  Save the wild Indians in the wilderness.

'Twas just as if some island in the past
Had its beginning by a charméd sea,
And by some wondrous miracle been cast
Along the shores of the Pacific main:
Or was't Arcadia that had been lost,
And by some chance had hitherward been tossed?

Be it as it may, it was a lovely land,
And joyous people lived along its coast;
There dance and music wandered hand in hand.
And, next to these, their horses were their boast,
No Arab tenting in the desert airs
Had steeds so swift, so beautiful as theirs.

He was not poor who had his desert steed,
With silver spangles hung on neck and breast,
Bejeweled saddle, beautiful, indeed,
And wondrous spurs outshining all the rest.
It was a sight sometimes to look upon,
These new-world knights and their caparison.

Famed was the land for other things as well,
Famed for fair women, beauteous to behold,
With great black eyes, and olive skins to tell
Castilian blood; and forms of fairest mold.
Of one of these, had I a harp to sing,
I'd tell a tale not all imagining.

For there was one, a child almost in years,
Some sixteen summers only had been hers,
But in that clime of rose-leaf and of tears,
Love wakens early and its passion stirs.
So, Glorietta, soft as any dove,
Just laughed and loved, yet never *thought* of love.

Till on a day when Ivan came to woo,
A fisher's lad, he was, down by the bay,
Who dived for pearls of many a heavenly hue
That in the bottom of the ocean lay;
And here and there a pretty shell he took
To Glorietta with a lover's look.

Though well she prized these pretty courtesies,
There was a gulf that stretched betwixt the two,
A stream unbridged, and bridgeless, most, as seas,
Without a road that any lover knew.
For what was he? A common fisher's son,
And she, the heiress of a Spanish don.

O! she was young, and beautiful of face,
With melting eyes, a joy to look upon,
Big, black and deep, like her Castilian race;
Who looked too long was sure to be undone.
That Ivan learned, although he was so young,
Yet loved the sting with which he had been stung.

Her hair—such hair—in two great braids fell down
Like twisted ropes, black as the ebon night.
Upon her beautiful but girlish gown
Of simple rose, bedecked with lilies white.
Hearts had been cold, or ice, or something worse,
Not to be moved by eyes and hair like hers.

She was akin to the Don Carlos line;
Though orphaned young she might have riches still,
For the Alcalde, now Count Valentine,
Had many lands and herds on every hill.
He was her guardian, and could well endow
Such rose of beauty as he saw her now.

Upon the hill where his gray palace stood
Fair flowers grew of every hue and kind;
The bougainvillea, with its purpling flood,
In drifted banks the walls and porches lined.
But Glorietta, far beyond compare,
Was fairest yet of any flower there.

And when the harvest of the vine was on
In the sweet autumns of that blessed clime,
When summer's heats and summer's suns were gone
And frosts just touched the orange and the lime,
Then manly youths were to the labor pressed,
And Ivan, too, was there among the rest.

So it fell out, as in that long ago,
When Ruth and Boaz in the harvest met,
Love had its way, or Ivan wished it so,
And cast himself in Glorietta's net,
Just at the moment when she brought the wine
Sent to the gard'ners by Count Valentine.

'Twas like a dream, the sudden joy, to him!
Not many grapes he gathered on that day,
Nor on the next, for other things now drew
His one attention in another way,
And oftener now did Glorietta bear
Her jugs of wine out to the gard'ners there.

And once, unconsciously, the jug she held
To Ivan's lips, that he might drink his fill,
As if by accident his face she touched,
And quick he felt it, the immortal thrill,—
Such thrill as comes but once to any soul,
Or rich or poor, it is love's sweetest toll.

So days went on, the vintage was not done,
And every day young Ivan there would be
To gather grapes in the sweet autumn sun,
Or pick the lemons from the lemon tree;
But most to see his sweetheart, and adore,
And every day she welcomed him the more.

There was an arbor on the palace ground,
Hid all in roses of sweet loveliness,
Where all was silence save the gentle sound
Of little brooklets and the wind's caress.
There Glorietta at the noontide came:
Who wonders now that Ivan did the same!

So in sweet converse flew the blessed noon,
While they sat looking in each other's eyes,
Amazed an hour could fly away so soon.
But time to lovers very quickly flies;
Not much their feast on either bread or wine,
On other things, 'tis said, do lovers dine.

Yes, talk they had, and maybe, kisses, some.
For they were glad of life, and everything:
Youth must be so—delicious it can come,
And this was now the flower of their spring.
Give love a bower, in vines and roses drest,
And melting eyes, and love will do the rest.

There, in their moments of felicity,
Young Ivan told her of a thousand things;
Of the pearl-divers and the sapphire sea,
And the great fishes that had shining wings;
Of caverns told, and rocks that overhung
The ocean caves where the pearl-fishes clung.

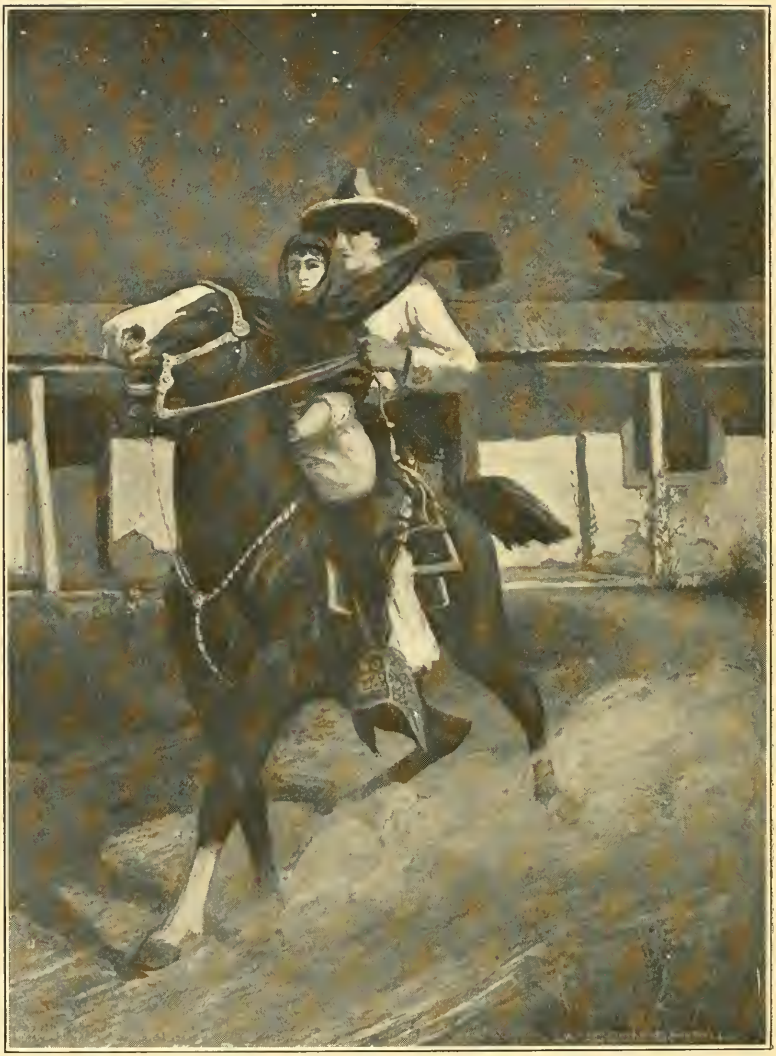
How he himself the dangers underwent
Of diving down, his trusty knife in hand,
To cut them loose from walls and caverns rent,
Then sudden rise and cast them on the sand:
No rainbow hues more glorious could be
Than these, the children of the azure sea.

How he had seen a grotto wonderful
Down in the ocean with the waves above,
Not e'en the shrieking of the sad sea-gull
Was ever heard in this enchanted cove.
Like Desdemona, Glorietta heard,
And breathed a sigh at every other word.

How, fearing not, again and yet again,
He dared the dangers that around him were,
Not in some hope of some poor little gain,
But for a pearl that was most worthy her;
And then he reached to give it, with a kiss—
But hark! a step, and ended all their bliss!

It was the Count, his face in purple rage.
Some evil soul had whispered in his ear,
How ever day these lovers did engage
In guilty amours, and he'd find them here.
Few words were said, there was not much to say;
The place, the kiss, were they not plain as day?

He railed a little, Glorietta heard:
"I had no one to guide, and I was young,"
Her eyes were weeping, but no other word;
The Count, he better too had held his tongue!
He was himself not over good, they say,
Among th' élite of lovely Monterey.



Be as it may, he had his Spanish pride;
No kin of his might ever think to wed
With lowly fisher-folk, or be the bride
Of one who labored for his daily bread.
That very day he made his plans to send
Young Glorietta to a distant friend.

He had a cousin, rich and proud and lone,
Who with a sister by the desert dwelt;
What took him there had never quite been known,
If fate or love with him had coldly dealt.
Don Eldorado was the cousin's name,
A bit romantic and once known to fame.

There Glorietta will be safe awhile,
Thought the Alcalde, when she reached the place,
And thinking so, a long and happy smile
At times illumined the Alcalde's face.
"Time conquers love, at least so I have read,
And Ivan well may think her lost or dead."

For it was planned that never any word
Should pass between them now forever more.
Just how 'twas done no mortal ever heard,
But things like these were often done before—
Some false arrest, some prison far away,
Or, at the worst, there still would be the *bay*.

A little while, though broke of heart at first,
And Glorietta almost loved the scene—
When on her eyes the great wild desert* burst
Like two vast seas, with mountains in between.
The porphyry hills, the red sea-walls that rise,
Seemed fit for gates to some sweet paradise.

Note—The Mojave and the Colorado deserts are really the same thing. A chain of the Sierra Madre mountains cuts the vast plain in two parts.

BAY OF MONTEREY

'Twas in the morning, and God's great blue tent
Spread over mountains and the desert land;
A sapphire glory every moment lent
Some lovelier color to the desert sand;
A little while, and then the mountains seem
A mystic phantom, a forgotten dream.

Once, on a height, alone, she stood and gazed
On violet mountains and the desert sea.
A sudden sun above the desert blazed,—
"O World!" she cried, "thou wert all joy to me
Were this to last, with never any tear,
And Ivan standing close beside me here."

Now, Eldorado, though not very young,
Kept in his breast some fires not yet gone out,
Saw Glorietta, and that moment flung
Himself before her, dead in love, no doubt.
Love at first sight, I've sometimes heard it said,
Affects the heart, but oftener the head.

Be as it may, he surely was most kind
To Glorietta, never dreaming how
Her heart with Ivan there was left behind,
Nor saw the shade that often crossed her brow.
One thought was his, and that he could not hide,
The hope that quickly she would be his bride.

Each hour he thought some pleasant thing to do
To please her fancy or to kill the time;
Rode on the hills, looked on the desert view,
Or climbed the canyons glorious and sublime,
Where thundering down some torrent came to bless
The flowering wastes, the desert's loveliness.

And lovelier things he thought of, and less grand,
The purple sage-brush that was everywhere,
The yellow poppy of the sun and sand,
Enchanting contrast to her raven hair;
And Manzanita berries, crimson red,
And purple heather from the desert's bed.

And desert holly of the sanded wild,
Frost-white and fair as ever fair could be,
Sun-born but lone, the desert's loveliest child,
Its curling leaves God's own embroidery.
All these were hers, and others yet the while,
All cheaply purchased by a single smile.

Day in, day out, the old new lover came;
Was it not time to answer yes, or nay?
Like fair Penelope, who did the same,
She prayed delaying, just another day,
And still in hopes she yet might surely know
If Ivan really were alive, or no.

Just then a letter from her guardian came;
A perfect thunderbolt it must have been,
Full of complaining, and of every blame,
What under heaven was it she could mean?
Could it be so, such cold ingratitude,
Towards one who always was so kind and good?

Oft he had heard of how his cousin sought
Her hand in marriage, and of her delay:
He was amazed, for was this cousin not
What any girl could like most any day?
Rich, and genteel, and good to look upon,
And then, still more, he was a Spanish don.

Then, as to Ivan, heaven only knew
What had become of him: perhaps a shark
Had simply swallowed him; such things they do!
There were great dangers down in caverns dark,
And anyway, her passion for him must
Long since have turned to ashes and to dust.

There seemed no choice; that, Glorietta saw,
This unloved marriage was a thing foregone.
Her guardian's wishes, were they not a law?
She was as helpless as a mountain fawn,
And yet she waited still another day,
And never answered either yes or nay.

At last she spoke. It was a *ruse* to find
If Ivan really were alive or dead.
"It seems to me that I could speak my mind
If I were only in my home," she said.
"There in our garden by the crystal bay,
There I could answer either yes or nay."

"Let it be so! Tomorrow," he replied,
Not guessing all her reasons nor the why;
"On my fleet steeds across the hills we'll ride."
He did not notice Glorietta sigh.
He had forgotten, too, about the slip
That sometimes happens 'twixt the cup and lip.

Next day it was a pretty calvacade
That crossed the mountains, westward to the sea.
The Don, his sister, and the beauteous maid,
And some retainers, only two or three.
A hundred miles was nothing then to ride,
At least to win so beautiful a bride!

A little while, and now in Monterey,
The dear old city by the sounding sea,
There was great talk among the young and gay
Of an event that very soon would be.
"The Don was rich," that much the gossips said,
"And Glorietta had come home to wed."

Not in whole years had there been such a stir.
The Alcalde's ward was now a beauty, grown,
All eyes were turned for but a glimpse of her
Or the great Don who claimed her for his own.
A little while, and wedding bells would ring,
And guests be bid up to the revelling.

Now there was searching of old wardrobes through
For gowns unique, and rich, of long ago;
Gold satin skirts, and rare mantillas, too,
And high heeled boots with gold or silver bow;
Queer combs from Spain, and jewels rare and bright,
To wear on Glorietta's wedding night.

It was proclaimed among the ladies all,
To be *au fait* one must be gaily dressed,
And there would be a Spanish carnival,
To make this wedding seem the very best.
The men also, in picturesque array,
Expectant waited for the wedding day.

Young Ivan, meantime, had been lost to view;
No trace of him could Glorietta find,
And now there seemed no other thing to do
Than wed the Don, though much against her mind:
So, though in tears, she gave a half consent,
And all was fixed, just as her guardian meant.

The day has come, the sun will soon be down,
A hundred guests on horseback gaily ride
Up to the palace, quite outside the town,
To greet the bridegroom and to kiss the bride,
As was the custom in the days of yore,
Each rider held his fair one on before.

Down by the sea the glad old mission bells
Ring out a sweet, a half voluptuous chime.
The saintly friar there a moment tells
His beads to heaven in this dear, happy time:
Then turns his steps, he must be there to say
The nuptial vows on this their wedding day.

At her high window Glorietta stood,
And saw the riders in their glad array,
Yet felt that moment that she almost could
Have thrown herself into the shining bay:
All seemed a mockery to her, the scene,
Not less her wedding dress of gold and green.

Out on the lawn a bright pavillion showed,
Hung round with flags, and open at the side,
Already circled by the common crowd,
For all would see the bridegroom and the bride.
Half in the dark one silent figure leant
Against the curtains of th' illumined tent.

A little while, and look! The priest has come,
And bride and groom walk slowly down the line.
In a few words she is bid welcome home,
By the Alcalde, old Count Valentine.
In smiles and tears, she waits the solemn word:
Yet listen, now, a singer's voice is heard.

LINDON SMITH

A pretty custom in the land they had,
That girlhood friends about the bride should be,
To sing some song, some pretty words, nor sad,
To wish her joy and all felicity,
Before the one and final word is said,
Before the priest pronounced her duly wed.

And so to-night the singers come and sing,
And to a lute some verses improvise;
Some happy thought, perhaps some little thing,
Each for herself some pretty couplet tries,
Then hands the lute to her who next her is,
Who smiling sings of future ecstasies.

Meanwhile the bride, who is all listening
To honied phrases she is glad to hear,
Herself prepares some pretty song to sing,
For see, the lute to her is coming near!
That moment look, her eyes are quickly bent
On that lone figure by the curtained tent.

Half in the shadow, halfway in the light,
Two sad dark eyes are looking straight at hers.
Heavens! it is Ivan, come this very night!
A sudden joy her inmost bosom stirs;
She dare not speak, a hundred wait around,
And he were dead if near the palace found.

Quick beat her heart, it was her turn to sing,
A prayer she breathed for guidance. What to do?
Her voice she feared had sudden taken wing,
And Ivan's eyes were piercing through and through.
Oh! would some saint in all Love's calendar
That moment come and pitying smile on her.

She waits a little—then an Indian air
Came to her mind that *he* had often sung.
Not one would know it of the many there,
For it was only of the Indian tongue.
She took the lute and sang a melody
Of love beside the Manzanita tree:

The moon's above the ocean now,
Then hasten, love, to me,
And keep the vow you made beside
The Manzanita tree.

The stars across the heavens sweep,
As faithful as can be.
Let us be faithful, too, beside
The Manzanita tree.

The mist is on the mountain top,
The mist is on the lea,
Tonight, tonight, we meet beside
The Manzanita tree.

The Manzanita berry's ripe,
And red as red can be,
O who would not go loving by
The Manzanita tree.

What if another claim my hand,
My heart, my heart's with thee,
So we will meet tonight beside
The Manzanita tree.

Each sigh, each thought, the listning lover heard,
And knows the meaning of the song she sings,
And ere the priest has said the solemn word
A steed all saddled to the gate he brings:
A sign, a gesture, from her lover there,
And they are gone, and no one knoweth where.

And they have mounted on the swiftest horse,
The fleetest steed the Alcalde ever owned
They ford the Carmel in its swiftest course,
The old sea-bay behind them moaned and moaned,
And many a cypress gnarled by storm and wind
There in the moonlight they have left behind.

Into the mountains, all the night they rode,
On narrow ways, along the canyon's side,
Where moon and stars no more the pathway showed,
Till the bright dawn the flying lovers ride,
Then change their course, for path there now is none,
And leave the horse and climb the rocks alone.

And still a day, now downward toward the sea,
Some *ignis fatuus* beckons them along;
Though tired of limb and hungry they may be,
They think they hear some soft, sweet siren's song—
It is the sea-wave's voice alone they hear,
Forever sweet to any lover's ear.

And they have reached the hemmed-in ocean's shore,
Cliffs right and left, behind them but despair.
Are they pursued, there is not any more
The smallest hope of further flight than there:
But see! a ship is yonder passing by,
Or is't a phantom of the mist and sky?

Full-sailed it rides, yet scarcely passes on—
" 'Tis not a league," cried Ivan, "from the shore,
Trust to my arms: a thousand times I've gone
Down in the deeps and braved the ocean's roar.
Here it is calm, and yonder ship may prove
A rest from flight, a refuge place for love."

And they are gone into the mist and wave,
Far out of sight of each pursuing one.
If in the sea they find a lovers' grave,
Now who may know, since mist and ship are gone!
Time and the sea, no matter, kind or rude,
Can cover all, pursuers, and pursued.

Still, from you cliff, where fisher-folk repair
On moonlight nights the ocean to behold,
'Tis said they see, if but the mist be there,
A ship all shining like the ship of old,
And on the deck a lady walks serene,
Still in her wedding dress, of gold and green.

LA FAVORITA

LA FAVORITA

A TALE OF THE SPANISH DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
  When mocking-birds their carols sung,
And friars heard the soothing rhyme,
  Soft as their own Castilian tongue.

The mission bells of San José
  In yonder valley sounded near,
And echoing hills all seemed to say,
  "Ave Maria, welcome here!"

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
  There where the summers longest stay,
A friar pilgrim sought to climb
  The mountain road to Monterey.

The purple wings of morning fanned
  The golden poppies everywhere,
And by the sea and on the land
  The roses scented all the air.

'Twas in that sweet, delicious clime,
  Where June goes ling'ring on and on,
Where cold nor storm nor winter-time
  May bid the roses to be gone.

So on the king's highway he went
  Toward yonder fair horizon's rim;
Above him shone God's azure tent,
  And all the world seemed made for him.

It was Vincenzio, knight of God,
  Defender of the missions, when
His lifted cross had overawed
  The swords of twice a hundred men;

A saintly man, and pure of heart.
  Along the shores there was a tale
That once, when pilgriming apart,
  His eyes had seen the Holy Grail.

Not this alone; his voice, his eye,
  Such mystic power possessed, a zeal
For that Christ cross he held on high;
  No soul withstood his heart's appeal.

Brown-robed and sandaled, staff in hand,
  At times he rested by the sea,
Looked at the sea-waves come to land,
  Looked at the sea's infinity.

And thought of that most holy shrine
  Whereto his pilgrimage was bent;
"Dear Serra's grave, O Dios mine,
  There I would keel and be content."

A little while his feet have pressed
  That heaven-born valley of delight;
Sweet Carmel vale, not east nor west
  Are hills so green or scenes so bright.

There in San Carlos' shrine he knelt,
  He crossed him twice and meekly prayed;
When sudden on his cowl he felt
  A woman's hand—and sprang dismayed.

LAUDEN SMITH

No ghost—too fair the being seemed,
With heavenly eyes and golden hair;
He knew not if he slept and dreamed,
Or if it were an angel there.

"Thou know'st not who I am," she said,
"But here in dear Carmelo's shrine
I too would humbly bow my head
And bid thee hear this tale of mine.

"Outside these doors three cavaliers
Impatient wait to claim my hand;
And they are armed with sword or spears,
And each is lord on sea or land.

"Not much I love, nor heart have I;
I have a hundred loves withstood;
And he I choose will surely die;
That much is writ in Spanish blood.

"For, spite of loves my fairness won,
Still I was never yet content;
Like chaff they seemed when all was done;
Like chaff they came, like chaff they went.

"And all the time my thoughts have run
On a strange promise that I made,
And how tomorrow's setting sun
Will set upon a heart dismayed."

* * *

"I know thee well," the friar spoke;
"Thou art that far-famed Isabel,
La Favorita; she who broke
More hearts than all my beads could tell."

In truth she was that Isabel;
No one so beauteous far or near;
Where'er she went she cast a spell
On humble folk or cavalier.

The sky's blue light was in her eyes;
Such loveliness of cheeks she had
As in the rose's petals lies;
A face men seeing once were glad.

If Spanish ships sailed down the shore,
The Spanish sailors all would say,
"Oh, let us have one look the more
At Isabel of Monterey."

The brown-robed friars passing by
Would count a bead or two for her,
Say "Ave Maria" with a sigh,
Almost forgetting who they were.

At festival and rout and ball
Her satin slippers skimmed the floor;
One felt he had no heart at all,
Or else he felt it throb the more.

What though it was a land where reigned
A hundred beauties everywhere?
He had been blind, or else had feigned,
Who saw another like to her.

What though it was a land where men
Were rich in pearls from yonder bay,
Where gold lay hid in every glen,
And ladies shone in fine array?

She would be finer than them all
In pearls and gems and rich attire,
That when she entered rout or ball
The dancers stopped but to admire.

She would have jewels such as shone
In fair Loretto's sacred shrine;
"Why should some wooden image own
A hundred pearls outshining mine?"

And so it was one afternoon
Down on the plaza by the sea,
She walked and heard the sea-waves' tune;
The sea-waves kept her company.

When suddenly three lovers came;
They had been suitors many days;
They told her of her beauty's fame,
Her ears heard nothing but their praise.

But they were weary of delay,
And would she not be less unkind
And, whether yes or whether nay,
Now tell them what was in her mind?

She smiled and jestingly replied,
"Tomorrow night's th' Alcalde's ball;
There in the dancing I'll decide
Which is the knightliest knight of all.

"I have great love for jeweled rings
And pearls most precious in the land;
Who best of these tomorrow brings,
Tomorrow night shall have my hand."

And this is she, fair Isabel,
Now kneeling at the altar rail;
Each act, each word, she fain would tell;
The friar listened to her tale.

Again she spoke: "Dear Father, look!
My suitors wait outside the door;
No more delaying will they brook,
This day I have, and one day more."

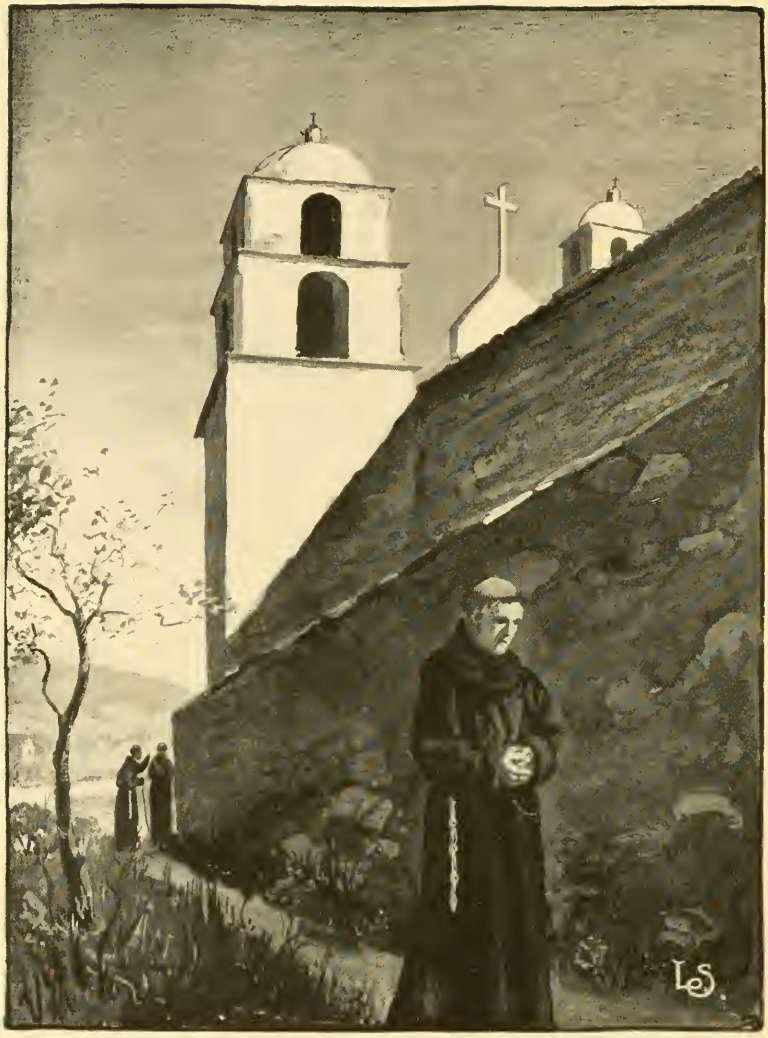
A light illumed the friar's face,
A light as if from heaven sent;
Not once before in all her days
Had look so strange on her been bent.

Sweet were his eyes so soft and brown,
Such eyes as angels might possess,
Or such as Raphael's pictures crown
When looked at in their loveliness.

She heard his voice; and never yet
Had kinder, sweeter tones been heard;
What wonder if her eyes were wet,
Or that her soul was deeply stirred?

A moment, and she seemed to think
Life's curtain parted, as it were,
And she herself upon some brink,
And those deep eyes were pitying her.

The friar, list'ning, seemed to know
The thing that was her heart's desire:
On the great morrow should she go
To sell her soul for gold and hire?


LS.

"Thou seek'st for guidance? Maiden! go!
Keep thou the promise lightly given;
What words to answer thou shalt know;
There shall be light that hour from heaven."

As in a dream she left the place;
A something spoke within her breast;
She felt the bright eyes on her face,
They told of peace and calm and rest.

* * * * *

The sun was set; the candles shone
In the Alcalde's hall of state,
And torchlights back and forth were blown
Among the roses by the gate.

Within was festival and dance
And sound of flute and castanet;
And dark eyes glowed as if by chance
On darker eyes more glowing yet.

A little while the feast was on,
The tables groaned with fruits and wine,
And through the windows from the lawn
Came breath of rose and eglantine;

And look! Among the guests was one—
A brown-robed priest of quiet mien;
He had come late, this silent one,
And softly joined the happy scene.

And now 'twas whispered round the board:
"This very night we all shall hear
Which of the knights with star and sword
La Favorita holds most dear."

Soon, too, amid the toasts and wine,
The lovers entered in the hall;
The *first* one's gifts were lands and kine,
'Twere wearisome to name them all.

The *second* spoke: "Great pearls have I
Like those Loretto's self doth wear;
Sweet counterfeits—I'd have them lie
Upon my sweet heart's golden hair."

Proud rose the *third*: "No copies mine,
No counterfeits by fairy elves;
Last night I came from yonder shrine,
I bring Loretto's pearls *themselves.*"

A thrill of horror ran around;
When to the door a guardsman came,
With burning words and voice profound
He called the guilty lover's name.

"Five nights ago the sacristan
At far Loretto's church was slain;
Hast thou the pearls? Thou art the man;
Upon thy soul the guilt is lain!"

Dumb and in rage the lover stood,
The shackles clanked upon his feet;
The guests all crossed themselves, for blood
Seemed on the bread, the wine, the meat.

And look! Now rises at the board
Yon silent friar, cross in hand;
His tender eyes, his tenderer word,
At once the assembled guests command.

Kindly he speaks: "Fair Isabel,
Thou seest now how vain is pride;
There's but *one pearl* that doth excel,
There is no other pearl beside.

"Well didst thou pledge thy life to give
For the one pearl the highest priced;
More high than all—behold and live!
I bring thee here the tears of Christ!"

As comes sometimes without a thought
Some mem'ry of forgotten things,
As if the mind a moment caught
A glimpse of the old happenings,

So, suddenly, to Isabel
Came thoughts again of yonder shrine,
Again she felt the holy spell,
The eyes, the voice, almost divine.

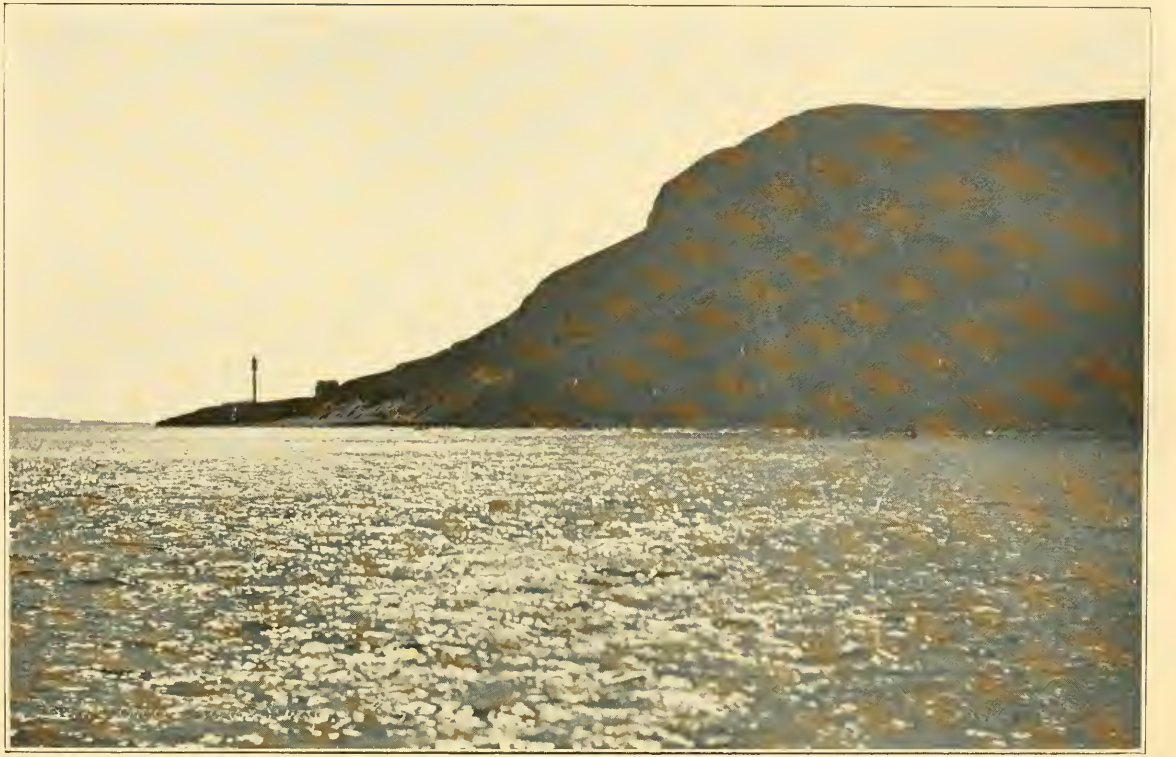
And they are calling her again,
The shrine, the cross, of yesterday;
With tears, as falls the summer rain,
"Here are my pearls," they heard her say.

"I will do penance for my pride;
There is a convent by the shore,
There many days will I abide
In doing service for the poor."

And yonder where the sea-waves moan
By yonder convent, on the hill,
Fair Isabel is fondly known;
She is La Favorita still.

And often on the king's highway
A friar pilgrim waves his hand;
He waves it twice, as if to say:
"Your pearl is noblest in the land."

AT SAN DIEGO



AT SAN DIEGO

I hear the bells, the mission bells
  Of San Diego town;
Across the bay the echo swells,
  And over the hills so brown,
And into the valley and canyons deep,
  When the sun is going down.

I think I hear the friars still,
  The saintly priests of Spain,
Come down the valley and round the hill,
  From the mission walls again;
And I hear them chant as they used to chant,
  To the mission bell's refrain.

I see the palm tree's stately head
  Beside the mission wall,
The bending stream by mountains fed,
  The canyon deep, the waterfall,
And hill, and palm, and valley fair,
  And God's own mountains watching all.

And San Miguel lifts high his dome
  Far over rock and tree,
The wild deer and the eagle's home,
  The mountains at his knee,
While Loma bathes his rocky breast
  Deep in the western sea.

I see the ships, the Spanish ships,
  Ride in the western bay,
Where safe at last from wind and gale,
  The pride of sea kings lay.
And the friars see them, and think of home,
  As they cross themselves and pray.

And far along the valley's sweep
I hear the vesper chime,
And out of canyons dark and deep
Comes back the mystic rhyme;
And not a soul but prayeth there
For it is a holy time.

Gone are the halls where long ago
There dwelt that brotherhood,
And bare brown walls and arches low
Mark where the mission stood,
And the moping owl makes there his home,
Where he feedeth his hungry brood.

Miguel still lifts his lofty head
Above the mountains gray,
And Loma Point still makes his bed
Far in the western bay;
But the times are changed, and the days are dead,
And the friars—where are they?

Changed, changed is all save yonder sea,
And yonder mountains brown,
The breakers' deep-toned symphony
When the tide is going down,
And the voices of the mission bells
Of San Diego town.

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